



THE WORLD OF SPORT.



UMPIRE'S LOT HAS GREATLY IMPROVED

Rowdy Baseball Will Be Thing of Past In Two Years.

SO SAYS SILK O'LOUGHLIN.

Indicator Points to Great Work of President Ban Johnson of the American League—Diamond Fans Are Becoming Educated.

WHAT? Is baseball losing its most ancient and honored tradition? After all these years is it possible that the umpire is going to win the right to hold his head up and say, "Behold a desirable citizen?"

Yes! Silk O'Loughlin says so. According to Silk, old chap, the time is not far off when an umpire's job won't be any more hazardous than playing with dynamite. Mr. O'Loughlin has delivered himself of the opinion that within two or three years the life of the arbitrator will be all to the merry. He bases his forecast on nothing but the improvement of the past few years.

"When I broke into the game as an umpire," said his nbs, the Silk one, the other day, "the life of an umpire was the concentrated essence of what General Sherman said war was. About the eighth inning of every game the happy little umpire would begin figuring out which means of escape would be most likely to land him in shelter. And that first escape wasn't all. About every other game would be protested, and like as not, the whole scene would have to be enacted again."

"Not much like that now. I have long since ceased to expect to be the special feature of a far and feather party after a game. Mind you, I don't say that the whole change which the umpires hope for has already been brought about. Oh, no. There is still a lot of prejudice for the umpires to overcome. Not yet is their life all sunshine and roses, but the transition is well under way, and it is reasonable to suppose that in the not too distant future the position of an umpire will be regarded as 'one of honor and dignity,' which, according to Will Irwin in Collier's, was the case in the very early days of the game."

The other veteran umpires of major and minor leagues share the views of O'Loughlin, and they attribute the pleasant change in their business to two causes:

First, the strong backing given them by the league presidents; second, the wising up of the public to the fine points of the game so that patrons became able to judge for themselves in a dispute between player and official as to whether the latter was a "robber, etc."

Before President Johnson of the American league started the reform in the umpires' moral it took a lot of nerve and moral courage to handle an indicator in any league. Players were in the habit of riding roughshod over the umpires, and the spinesless league executives allowed them to get away with that sort of thing. The players ran things pretty much as they pleased, and the umpire was the goat all the time.

The fans always sided with the players, right or wrong, and there was merry war all the while. The umpire was the common enemy of peace, sort of a necessary evil, but needed to be very rugged to last till the first pay day. Many of them didn't care to remain after that.

The umpire's standing about ten years ago, let's say, has often been well illustrated by that story told by Joe Cantillon when he was an umpire—by the way, one of the greatest that ever lived. Joe asked Comiskey for a couple of passes one day, saying he wanted them for some friends.

"Friends!" roared the old Roman. "Well, if you or any other umpire has the nerve to tell me you have any friends you can have all the passes I've got."

But President Johnson set his umpires up on a high standard and backed them up so fearlessly that the plane has been getting higher all the while.

"Clean ball" was the American league's trademark when it expanded and fought for existence with the National league. But the National, as soon as Pulliam got squared away as chief executive, adopted the same slogan, and since then all other league presidents have discovered that in reality the easiest way to run their leagues is to lay down hard and fast rules governing the conduct of players and give their umpires full power to enforce them to the letter.

Purifying the sport brought tremendous popularity to the game from people who naturally hadn't seen fit to patronize the leagues in the days when

LEADING GOLFERS OF THE COUNTRY WHO WILL PARTICIPATE IN COMING TOURNEYS



HERRESHOFF



GARDNER



TRAVERS



TRAVIS



DOUGLAS

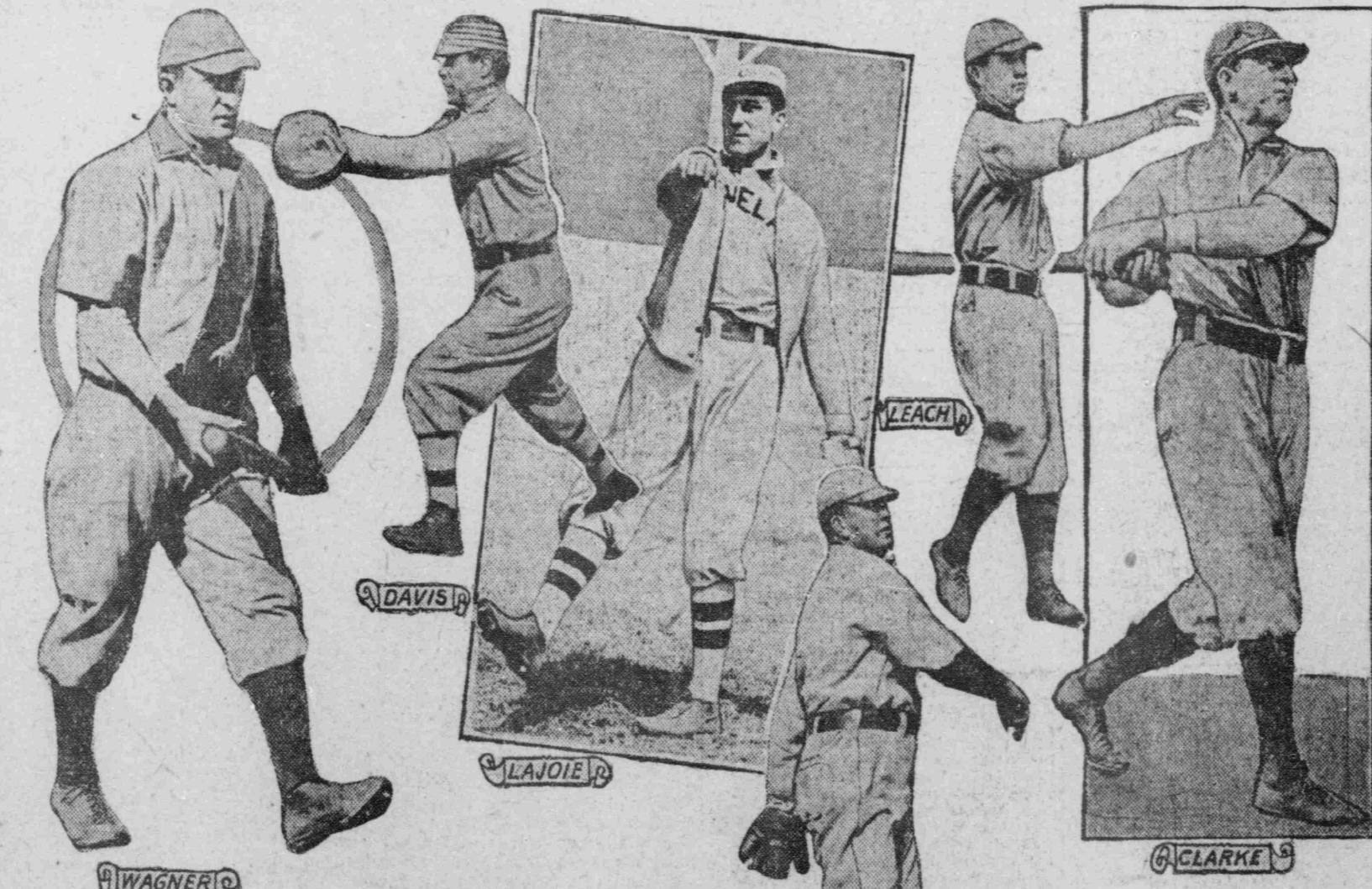
JUDGING by the intense interest that is being taken in golf and golfers this season, it surely looks as if the famous Scottish game will have its banner year in this country. Several big tournaments have been decided, among them the Metropolitan, which was captured by Herreshoff. The next big tourney on the official calendar is the annual open championship tournament of the United States Golf association to be held on the links of the Philadelphia Cricket club June 17 and 18. The contests will be continued along lines similar to previous events of this kind and will consist of seventy-two holes of medal play, divided equally

between the two days. There will be ten prize moneys, proportioned as follows: First, \$300 and a gold medal; second, \$150; third, \$100; fourth, \$80; fifth, \$70; sixth, \$50; seventh, \$30; eighth, \$20; ninth, \$10; and tenth, \$5. The winner will also have the custody of the championship cup, but he must, if required, give security for its safe keeping. In the event of an amateur winning any of the prizes he will receive the equivalent in plate.

LOOKING FOR A FORTUNE?

There is a fortune in store for the wrestler who can defeat Frank Gotch. Nobody knows this better than the promoters of Europe and America. Every man interested in the Greco-Roman or catch-as-catch-can game from Beluchistan to Ellesmere Land is searching for and trying to discover this valuable asset in the wrestling game. The champions of Europe have come in hordes, and we have a champion for every square mile in Europe and a few in Asia to boot, but Gotch still reigns supreme, giving one of the newcomers a match now and again and tossing him with ridiculous ease.

Veteran Ball Tossers Whose Ability Time Does Not Tarnish



BASEBALL stars may come and go, but Hans Wagner, Nap Lajoie, Bob Wallace, Cy Young, Fred Clarke and Tommy Leach apparently go on forever. Here are six men well along in their thirties, but there is not one of the sextet who is not playing as well as ever. Relieved of managerial duties, Lajoie is leading the American league in batting and is playing a grand fielding game at second station. One of his closest rivals is Wallace of the St. Louis Browns, who is head and shoulders above any other member of his team in all around work

this season. As for Wagner, he is the same old king of players—batting, fielding and base running being considered. For several weeks Wagner experienced a big batting slump, but recently he recovered his hitting eye and began walloping the sphere as hard as ever. No one in the game today has anything on Fred Clarke as a manager or left fielder. Fred is playing as good a game as he ever did, but is seriously thinking of quitting. As a judge of fly balls Tommy Leach has no superior. He is also a speedy base runner. Wagner, Clarke and Leach have

played together for thirteen years and are good for many more to come. This is Cy Young's nineteenth season in fast company, and who can say that he is all in? He is still twirling a good article of ball. Harry Davis, another veteran, still classes with the greatest first basemen in the country.

Bush Holds Strikeout Record. Ownie Bush of the Tigers holds the 1910 major league record for striking out. In Chicago on May 1 the little shortstop went to the bat seven times against Ed Walsh and was retired on strikes five times.

Roach Putting Up Star Game. Roach, secured from the Lancaster Tri-state team by the New York Americans, continues to play great ball at shortstop. It is likely that Stallings will keep him on the job regularly.

DO YOU KNOW WHAT A BASEBALL SCOUT IS?

Well, Here Is Some Dope About This Side of the Sport.

THE DUTY HE PERFORMS.

Travels Around Country Looking For Promising Material For Major League Clubs—Nearly All Big Stars Were Found This Way.

SOME years ago very few major league baseball teams thought it necessary to employ a man to travel around the country and watch the young players. Of course every team had a number of experts scattered about among the leagues who, if they chanced to see a likely looking youngster, would put the manager wise, but today, so desperate has become the hunt for big league timber, there is not a club in either of the major leagues that has not a couple of men on the road looking after their interests.

No small part of the success of one of the big league teams depends on the ability of its scouts—that is, the men who go all over the country looking out for likely material. No town or league is too small for these watchers to visit.

For, as is well known, many a star ball player has been picked up in some town that had never been heard of and come into fame only through the baseball ability of its son.

There are many interesting little tales connected with the discoveries of great ball players. Hans Wagner was signed up as a pitcher on one of the small league aggregations and seemed doomed to go back to the uninteresting and quiet life of the country village until his wise manager thought that perhaps he might be able to play somewhere else, so gave him a tryout.

And Hans has been famous ever since. Larry Lajoie, Jimmy Collins—in fact, nearly all the great ones—have been landed by some worthy scout whose chance or fate brought them to the village where these embryonic stars were astounding their fellow citizens.

To one not acquainted with the life the work of a scout must look very easy and pleasant. It would seem that traveling about the country, watching ball games, with all expenses paid, was a very desirable sort of life. But in reality it's not as fine as it looks. After awhile it gets very monotonous jumping from one little town to another, putting up with all kinds of hotel accommodations, spending the greater part of your time on hot, stuffy trains, arguing with

avaricious minor league managers. The scout meets some managers that would almost drive him crazy. They hear that a big league scout is in town, and immediately the prices on their men soar skyward. It is only by the use of most diplomacy and tact that one can obtain a player he wishes from some of these fellows. Here is a good instance: In a little town in the far west a scout arrived and for a couple of days watched the work of the team there. He endeavored to keep his identity a secret, but an old timer who happened to be on the team gave the secret away. He was attracted by the playing of an outfielder and decided that he was the man he was after.

But he did not mention the fact. There was an infielder on the team who was in the habit of pulling off star plays, and the skirmisher asked the manager for his price. The reply mentioned such a sum that the scout almost fainted. Finally, after haggling and dickering for a couple of hours, he agreed to take the player and give him a trial, with the proviso that if he made good he was to pay \$3,000 for him. The scout knew well enough that the man would never make the big league, but this was only part of his game.

When he went to the station, bound for his next stopping place, the manager and the infielder were with him. As the train was pulling in he fished a roll of bills from his pocket, turned to his companion and said: "By the way, I want an outfielder. I'll give you \$500 cash for that chap, you and out in center." "You can have him," came the reply, and the manager, well satisfied, tucked the money into his pocket and waved the pair goodbye. Some two weeks later the infielder returned to his old stamping ground, while the other chap, purchased very cheaply, is now one of the greatest stars in the game. And so it goes. It is always a case of dicker and outwit.

Then there is another point to be considered. If a scout who is on the road picks out a number of men and not one of them shows sufficient class he has put his club to great expense, all for nothing. Say, for instance, he is on the coast and sends a player to one of the big teams in the eastern leagues. The youngster will cost several thousand dollars, while the expense of transportation, etc., will amount to no inconsiderable figure.

Jim Delehanty. Jim Delehanty, the Tigers' second sacker, is now the only member of the famous family remaining in major league ball. Frank is with Indianapolis, Joe with Toronto and Willie with Waterbury. Tom has given up the game and is running a saloon in Cleveland.

Cantwell Invents New Glove. Pitcher Cantwell of Cincinnati has designed for use on cold or rainy days a special rubber glove for his pitching hand. He says this glove will keep out all cold and wet and at the same time not interfere in the least with the pitching ability of the twirler.

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HOW JIM JEFFRIES GOT HIS "TIN EAR."

It has long been a matter of speculation among sports as to who had the honor of giving the champ a casual ear. About every fighter who ever met Jeff in the ring has claimed that his was the deadly fist that mashed the big one's aural appendage.

The other night after dinner at the training camp in Rowardennan Jeff told the story for the first time.

"Jeff," asked some one, "in what fight did you get your tin ear?" The champ grinned. "It wasn't in any fight," he said. "I got that from a friend of mine. His name was Monahan. I had been boxing with some one and was standing in my saloon in front of the bar when Monahan came in. He was slightly the worse for wear."

"He came up to where we were standing and slapped me on the back rather uproariously. Then he raised his hand and gave me a cuff on the side of the head. It happened to hit my ear, which I had scratched in the boxing."

"Don't do that, Harry," I said. "That ear is sore."

"He looked at me a moment, then deliberately raised his fist and before I realized what he was about swung as hard as he could. He struck me squarely on the ear with his full force."

"Stung with the pain, I whirled around and clipped him on the point of the jaw, and he went down on the floor of the saloon like a log. It scared me so that I forgot all about the ear. I picked him up and propped him against the bar and gave him something to drink, and in a minute he came to, perfectly sober and very apologetic. If I had gone at once to a physician I could have had the ear patched up all right, but when I saw that I hadn't hurt my friend badly I felt so relieved that I paid no further attention to it."